Oops! (#DrunkenKissesChallenge)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Omega Grigg travels to Bucharest for an IT Conference and has a chance encounter with Alpha Nigel, that may change his life forever...

Notes

Gifting all my drunken kisses to my Hannibal Cre-ATE-ive sin family! <3

See the end of the work for more notes

The first day of the conference had gone as well as Grigg had expected. Most of the presentations were in English or had translators. Even so, Bucharest seemed like such an odd location for the international conference. Especially given the small number of Omega's giving presentations and the seemingly traditional aspects of society in large parts of Romania.

Bucharest wasn't too bad. More modernised perhaps. As an Omega he certainly didn't feel unsafe or overly objectified. Not anymore so than some of the country parts of the US. Even so, they did that thing. The thing that always happens at these conferences - they all stuck together - the seven Omegas on the speakers list. He'd met some of them before at various networking events. It was a nice bunch and they all went for dinner together in the hotel restaurant.

Four bottles of wine in and five of the Omegas had peeled off to their rooms, Grigg knew he should too, but he wasn't doing his presentation until day 3 and he was having fun catching up with John, who he'd met at a couple of events before and was also into sci-fi.

"Say, we should go out… Like really party! I know a place, I was here for a conference last year." John slurred.

"What? No!" Grigg protested with a laugh. He knew John meant an Omega Club, and he wasn't sure how safe that was in a city he didn't know. Certainly one where he didn't know the language. He'd only ever been to one once before and it had taken him quite sometime to get up the nerve! It wasn't exactly thought highly of for Omegas to go to clubs where they could pick up a casual lay for the evening. But then, he was sure no Omega actually adhered to the antiquated tradition of being a virgin until they found their Alpha.

In the club back home Grigg had been picked up by a beautiful Alpha female, Jocelyn, and had his brains screwed out that night. Not that he'd even been a virgin then - he'd had a

couple of lovers in college. But discrete, as an Omega should be. Clubs were not discrete… but then, no one here knew him…

"Ok… Let's do it." He laughed, his words equally as slurred as John's.

They had been at the club for less than 30 minutes when John had disappeared with a wink and a tipsy thumbs up, leaving Grigg drunkenly propping up the bar. He considered dancing - he was a great dancer, but much more formally trained than the shapes being currently thrown out on the dancefloor. Slow dancing he could do… He was considering the dancing possibilities when he felt a presence beside him.

"Ești foarte frumoasă" A deep, rumbling voice.

Grigg shuddered. Actually shuddered. Not just at the voice, but at the scent that hit him as he swiveled on the bar stool to face the person who had spoken to him. It was rich and earthy and something pulled deep within his gut. *Alpha* his mind sighed the word.

Must be the booze! Grigg shook the thought from his head, he wasn't one to go gaga over hot Alphas, and this Alpha was HOT! Nicely built, unusual and attractive face, a look of being both hard and soft at once… and those lips!

"Um… I don't speak Romanian…" Grigg managed to finally stutter out, hoping that it wouldn't be a barrier. Because after being initially hesitant, Grigg found he suddenly and very much wanted to take an Alpha back to his hotel and fuck all night. This Alpha in particular.

"Oh, American? Darling… I was telling you that you are very beautiful. I am sure you are told this often." A slight drunken lilt, but the words clearly meant.

Grigg sort of melted. Melted into those words and that voice and the scent. *God the scent!!*

And then it all went slightly wrong. Right? The Romanian leaned forward and so Grigg did too, drunkenly pressing his lips to the Alpha's in sloppy kiss. It wasn't until their lips connected that Grigg realised the Alpha had been leaning forward to pick up his beer. But then the Alpha had laughed into his mouth, pulled him closer and kissed him deeply. And it was right! Definitely right.

Grigg woke the next morning aching in the very best of ways. The night before started to slowly come back to him as the drunken haze began to lift and the small hangover settle in. A movement in the bed next to him had Grigg freeze and then look over. Oh yes, the Alpha from the bar. More drinks, more drunken kisses, back to the hotel. Sex, lots and lots of amazing, hot sex - which was a wonder considering how drunk they'd both been. Grigg sighed at the thought and thought about curling into the Alpha… who smelt so damn good! Even better now the smell of sex was thick on him too! But then the Alpha moved again, rolled over without waking and Grigg saw it - the little bite mark on his neck.

Not too much damage. He thought to himself. *Don't remember doing that… Thank goodness Omega bites don't form a bond.* He smiled with a shake of his head.

Grigg decided he would freshen up before the Alpha - Nigel, from what he could recall - woke, so he slid quietly from the bed and went into the ensuite. It was a few minutes before he was cleaning his teeth, looking in the mirror - and then he saw it.

His mouth dropped open and the toothbrush clattered into the sink as he stared wide-eyed at the bite mark on his neck. A claim mark…

“Oops.” He muttered at his stunned, and yet strangely satisfied reflection.

End Notes

Kudos and comments make the lack of sleep worth it XD <3

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